

PRABUDDHA BHARATA

OR

Awakened India

उत्तिष्ठत जाग्रत प्राप्य वरान्निबोधत ।

Arise ! Awake ! and stop not till the goal is reached

Katha. Upa. I. iii. 4

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SRI RAMAKRISHNA'S TEACHINGS

HOW TO CONQUER EGOISM

KNOW thyself, and thou shalt know the non-self and the Lord of all. What is my ego?—Is it my hand, or foot, or flesh, or blood, or muscle, or tendons? Ponder deeply, and thou shalt know that there is no such thing as 'I'. An analysis of the 'ego' shows that the ultimate substance is God. When egoism drops away, Divinity manifests itself.

THE calf bellows '*Hamma*' or '*Aham*' (I). Now look at the troubles caused by this its *Ahamkar* which says 'I', 'I'. In the first place, when grown up it is yoked to the plough. It works from dawn to eve alike in sun and rain. It may be killed by the butcher. Its flesh is eaten. Its skin is tanned into hide and made into shoes. Drums are also made with it, which are mercilessly beaten sometimes with the hand and at others with the drumstick. It is only when out of its entrails are made strings for the bows used for carding cotton that the troubles of the poor creature are over. And that is because it no longer says, '*Hamma* (I), *Hamma* (I),' but '*Tuhum*, *Tuhum*' ('It is Thou, It is Thou').

The moral is that *Mukti* is within the reach of him alone, who has learnt the lesson of complete self-abnegation, perfect forgetfulness of self.

It also teaches that unless the vital parts (entrails of the calf) are struck, *Aham* (I-ness) can hardly be got rid of. One scarcely says, '*Tuhum*' (Thou) or inclines spirit-wards until one is cut to the quick, *i. e.*, loses riches, sons, and the like. Even when struck by such severe blows, the 'Thou-ness' may or may not come to replace the 'I-ness'.

ALWAYS ponder within yourself in this wise: "These family concerns are not mine, they are God's and I am His servant. I am here to obey His wishes." When this idea becomes firm, there remains nothing which a man may call his own.

WHEN shall I be free?—When the '*I*' has vanished. '*I* and mine'—is ignorance; '*Thou* and *Thine*'—is true knowledge. The true devotee always says, 'O Lord, Thou art the doer (*Karta*), Thou doest everything. I am only a machine. I do whatever Thou makest me to do. And all this is Thy glory. This home and family are *Thine* and not mine; I have only the right to serve as Thou ordainest'.

SELF-REALIZATION AND FORM

A VERY individual is a seeming mass of changes. His body is changing every minute; so is his mind. Is he then a mass of never ceasing change and nothing more, or, is there in him something permanent? The monistic Vedanta affirms, that beyond both the body and the mind, is the Self, which, it says, never changes.

The Self, according to the Vedanta, is the real individual and the individual that changes is only apparent. The apparent individual, which is eternally changing, is in reality the unchanging Self, but, through ignorance, forgetting his real nature and thinking himself to be changing, he finds himself to be such. It is possible for him to give up this ignorance and be established in his real nature of unchange. This is the Vedantic doctrine of Self-realization.

Forms and finites are subject to change. The Self, being beyond change, is not a form and not finite; therefore, Self-realization is equivalent to the reaching of a positive state of formless Infinity.

Man is a finite individual, because he, through ignorance, thinks himself finite. Let him think the opposite way, that he is not finite, and infinite he will be. This is the "not this, not this," method of the Jnana Yogin, who, convinced from the very first of the apparentness of the finite individuality and the reality of the Self, breaks his connection with all forms

—tearing himself off from the gross, the fine, the finest, till there remain none to limit him,—by the sheer force of the conviction and the thought, "I am He, the formless Infinite" and tries to stand alone in his infinite nature.

To follow this method, it is necessary to possess an intensely strong power of thought, which seems to be the lot of a few. To the many the help of some form or other is needful to reach the goal.

Every individual, every form is in reality the Self. The Self is the substratum of all things. The Self is the clay, the substance, out of which the infinite variety of earthenware, the forms, are fashioned. When a form is broken, its substance remains, as when the form, an earthen jar, is broken, its constituent, a lump of earth, remains. Even so, when the mind is concentrated on a form with the view of catching a glimpse, as it were, of its substance—the Self, and, when the concentration becomes sufficiently deep and long, the form merges into the Formless, and vanishes, and its substance, the substratum of all forms, the Self, is realized.

This explains the free use of forms, images &c., in certain forms of religion.

The end is the realization of the Self and the form stands only as a means thereof. The form has to be merged into the Formless, the finite has to be idealized into the Infinite. Forms, used with this end always in view, are

positively beneficial and are absolutely necessary in many cases. The fanatical iconoclast might feel himself justified in demolishing them root and branch, but not the balanced philosopher.

If, on the other hand, the end is lost sight of, the form is looked upon and used as form only, instead of as a symbol of the Self for the time being, the spiritual aspirant is misled, and in vain looks for the infinite Self in a finite trifle.

In sinking the form into the Formless, the method is to take the form and to deny its appearance as such and superpose upon it one's idea of the Formless. The form becomes, so to speak, the centre, to which the ideas of the Formless are made to converge. For this purpose, any form may be chosen and success in Self-realization will depend on the strength of the mind to concentrate itself and to develop and mature its conceptions of the Self and its earnest eagerness to find those conceptions actualised in the form; in other words, as higher and higher conceptions of the Self present themselves, to fit the form to those conceptions, till at last the highest of them is reached and the form is attenuated to the finest, to melt into nothingness and leave the full view of the Self unobstructed.

Lift the veil of ignorance off from one point, it will be lifted from all.

There is besides, the action of the form, independent of the mind which tries to idealize it. True, any form, idealized, leads to the Self (Patanjali, I, 39); still some, on account of their different constitutions, make the task easier than others. The forms, that are

nearest the Self, the *sattvic* ones, if chosen for concentration, can be expected to bring about the realization more easily than the *tamasic* ones that are farthest from IT. Hence the form of some holy person, of some saint who is known to be highly spiritual, is enjoined for concentration (Patanjali, I, 37). To those who believe in a Personal God, who "manifests himself whenever virtue subsides and wickedness prevails," His incarnate forms are the most *sattvic*. This is why Sri Rama, Sri Krishna and other great men, regarded as incarnations of the Supreme Deity in India, are worshipped as the *Ishta*, the chosen ideal, of their devotees.

But the Sruti is careful to give the warning, "He who worships another god, thinking that the god is different from his Self, knows not." (Brih. Up. Ch. I, IV. 10).

S.

Idol is *Eidolon*, a thing seen, a symbol. It is not God, but a Symbol of God; and perhaps one may question whether any the most benighted mortal ever took it for more than a Symbol. I fancy, he did not think that the poor image his own hands had made *was* God; but that God was emblemized by it, that God was in it some way or other. And now in this sense, one may ask, is not all worship whatsoever a worship by Symbols, by *eidola*, or things seen? Whether *seen*, rendered visible as an image or picture to the bodily eye; or visible only to the inward eye, to the imagination, to the intellect: this makes a superficial, but no substantial difference. It is still a Thing Seen, significant of Godhead; an Idol.—*Carlyle*.

NEW INTERPRETATIONS OF NATIVE LIFE IN INDIA

Sister Nivedita's first lecture in England, given at the Sesame Club, London, October 22nd, 1900.

HAVE any of us thought how much our work has gained from being done in a place where we were thoroughly at home?

Do we know what it is to escape from the hour, or the day, or the week, of patient toil to the edge of some lake or the heart of some wood? Have we stood and listened to the wind amongst the winter branches, or rustling the dead leaves, calling and calling to us with the voices of our childhood, stirring dim depths in us, lifting us to the innermost heights of our own being, filling us with an infinite love, an infinite courage, an immeasurable hope?

Have we ever realised how intimate is the connection between the great interests of our life—whatever they be, house-keeping, teaching, collecting wild flowers, deep intellectual research,—and the love of our country?—the feeling of being at home, amongst our own people? No matter whether our life be comedy or tragedy—always our own. I remember last Good Friday standing in a church in the extreme West, listening to the Reproaches. The day was cold and dark, and the words fell like sobs. “My people, My people, what have I done unto Thee? Wherein have I wearied thee?” In that supreme pathos it was “*My* people”, there was no breaking of the bond.

I would say that there is no possibility of true work, no shadow of a possibility

of a great life, where there is not this sense of union, with the place and the people amongst whom we find ourselves. If you answer that the great majority of men at least, in England to-day, are working at tasks which they hate and despise, I can only say that there is no surer sign of the fatal danger which assails our national life, and if you will give me the opportunity I think I shall easily make good that statement.

But all this does not mean that we must stay in the place where we were born. What happens when the call comes to the individual, to leave the old group and go out and found a new family or a new house? The indispensable condition of adding harmonious natures, well-developed and proportioned individuals, to the world, is that two people shall conceive such an affection for each other that it cancels all difference of association. The time when they had not met must seem a blank to them, or only significant because that meeting throws light upon it. Probably both see qualities in the other that none else can see in either. That matters nothing. It may be all illusion. Only, the illusion must be there. And in some extraordinary way we find that if it is not there, and if it is not perfect, we can read the fact that, of two people, one was bondsman to the other, and not the free and joyous comrade, not only in their lives to-day,

and in a home that misses the note of perfect joy, but long long hence, in the character of some old man or woman whose nature has always carried an inheritance of war within itself.

If this emotion is so necessary in order to preserve the unity of life through the alliance of a bride and bridegroom who were born in the same street, if its absence be fraught with such danger to more than the two people themselves, let us think how much more imperative it must be to the man who is called from England to India to do his work.

What a little thing it would be to any of us to die for one whom we really loved ! Perhaps indeed we do not really love, to our deepest, till we have learnt that to be called to do so would be supreme beatitude. It is such love as this that makes it possible to live and do great service. It is such a falling-in-love that India demands of English men and women who go to her to work. It matters little what the conscious explanation may be,—a civil service appointment, a place in the army, the cause of religion, of education, of the people. Call it what we may, if we go with contempt, with hatred, with rebellion, we become degraded, as well as ridiculous ; if we go with love, with the love that greets the brown of a cottage-roof against the sky, the curve of a palm, the sight of a cooking-pot, the tinkle of an anklet with a thrill of recognition, that desires the good of India as we desire the good of our own children, to transcend our own, that India be stimulated into self-activity by us, if we go with this love, then we build up the English Empire by

sure ways, and along main lines, whether we imagine ourselves to be serving England or India or Humanity. For the love of England and India are one, but no love ever seeks its own.

Throughout what I say to-night I am speaking in the interests of England, as an English woman ; more, what I say would be endorsed by all those highest officials who are faithful to the trust of their country's interest committed to them.

For the man who regards the Queen's cause is he who will impoverish himself to distribute bread in time of famine, and the man who hates and despises is the man who will selfishly exploit a subject people. I believe I am right in saying that the supreme government is well aware that under the name of race-prestige much may be included which does anything but add to the prestige of our race.

The fact is, under the terrible over-organisation and over-centralisation of modern life, there lurks an appalling danger of vulgarity. We are succumbing to a horrible scepticism. How are mothers who have never seen the inside of anything but beautiful English homes, or luxurious travelling-resorts, how are these to know that there was no noble possibility before the knight-errant of old that is not doubled and trebled for their own boys ? How are they to guess that the English race has to struggle with problems of doing and undoing to-day, that no race has ever faced in the history of the world ? How can they lay upon their sons that charge of reverence and love and belief in the spiritual possibilities of life, that is necessary to make the name

of our country stand in history as Shakespere dreamt of it.....

This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son,
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world.....

And yet, though we know it not, the voices of the gods are all about the world to-day. The calls to self-sacrifice are greater, the ways of self-sacrifice are a thousandfold more, and many thousandfold deeper, than ever before. We are mistaken when we think that the clarion of war is the only sound that calls us to the right of struggling and dying for our country. The churchbells of the British peace ring a far surer summons. There was no greatness, no courage, no divine self-effacement, open to our fathers, of which infinitely more is not the right of their sons to-day. The words "British Empire" mean neither more nor less than the British opportunity to choose the noblest part ever played in the great drama of the world, or refusing, to fail utterly, and miserably, and brutally, as no nation ever failed before.

It has been a long preamble, and I am anxious to do justice to the difficulties that may present themselves to an untrained boy, sincerely desirous of doing the right thing, landing in India, to fulfil the duties of an appointment, without either a store of culture, or a disciplined imagination, or a wealth of rightly directed feeling.

I quite see how impossible it will look

to him that people who live with a startling simplicity, who sit on bare floors, and use in eating neither knives nor forks nor table-linen, are really persons of a deeper and more developed civilisation than his own.

The same difficulty, begin to say the scholars, faced the officers of Marcus Aurelius when they battled, on the frontiers of the Empire, against the merchant-peoples of the North.

It is no credit of mine that I have been so fortunate as to escape this difficulty. I went out to India nearly three years ago, and was there some eighteen months. I went at the call of an English woman, who felt that no sufficiently national attempt had yet been made, for the education of Indian girls. After spending sometime with her, I was to be free to take my own way of studying my problem. When I tell you what were my preconceptions of how I was to do this, I fear you will be much amused. I was not going for the sake of "the Higher" or literary, but for what we here have always called the *new* Education, beginning with the manual and practical aspects of development, and passing on to the question of definite technical and scientific training, but always regarded as subordinate to the development of character. I knew that one must live with the people, and take their point of view, if one were ever to establish any sound educational process amongst them, using to the utmost the elements that their life might provide, and keeping the scheme in organic relation with these.

This study I pictured to myself as taking place in mud huts, on journeys

barefooted across the country, amongst people who would be completely hostile to my research. But I owed a great intellectual debt to Sanskrit culture and an educational task was a delightful means for the expression of my gratitude.

So you see that I was indeed more fortunate than most, in the attitude and means of my entrance into Indian life.

What did I find there?

Instead of hostility, I found a warmth of welcome.

Instead of suspicion, friends.

Instead of hardships and fatigue, a charming home, and abundance of the finest associations.

For eight-months I lived alone with one servant in a real Indian house in a Calcutta lane. There I kept a small experimental school. About forty little girls belonged to it and I took them in relays—four classes of two hours each. My knowledge of Bengali being limited, I was particularly glad to fall back on kindergarten occupations for the greater part of our class-work, and I was thus enabled to arrive at a clear knowledge of the practical difficulties and practical potentialities of a useful school.

But this was work. The playtime of the day I was allowed to spend in a neighbouring zenana, amongst a group of widow ladies with whom I had much in common, and Saturday and Sunday I reserved as holidays. This was a custom that I fear my children never approved. I remember how the first Saturday morning a crowd of uproarious little people had gathered outside the door at 6 o'clock, evidently determined to gain admission. A workman who could speak a little English was inside

and he came to me, "The baby people, the baby people, Miss Sahib! Let me open!"

No Hindu of any class or sect or party ever put a hindrance in my way. When they heard of any difficulty, they always did something towards removing it, the women just as much as the men. In the same way, they felt a curious sense of responsibility, as if I were the guest of the whole of our lane. They were constantly sending me food. If they had fruit, they would share it with me. If I expected guests, they would provide the repast, and I rarely knew even the name of the giver.

I need not tell you that in deeds like these a very sweet relationship is created. I need not tell you that I am proud as well as grateful to have eaten the bread of a charity so sweet.

And I think if we go deeper into the reason of this hospitality, we shall be struck by the culture that it displays. *They thought of me as a student.* It was something like the university of the middle ages, where the poor scholar naturally came upon the good-wives of the town for maintenance. But there was I think this difference, that the university established such a custom mainly in a given centre here and there, while in India the idea of this function is familiar to every person and every family and the obligations of the university arise wherever there is one enquiring mind. Through and through the life I found these evidences of an ancient culture permeating every section of society, my only difficulty in recounting it all to you is in determining where to begin.

The pleasures of the people are such

fine pleasures! It was my custom to save money by avoiding the use of cabs, and travelling in trains as much as possible. This, of course, always left a certain amount of a local journey to be made on foot. So at all hours of the day and night I would come up and down our narrow little lanes and streets, as various errands might lead me. In the sunlight they would be crowded with people, and the traffic of the bullock-carts. In the evening, men would be seated chatting about their doorways or in the shops, or inside open windows, and no one even looked my way; but at night, when one had once turned out of the European streets, everything was sunk in stillness and peace, so that it took me some time on the journey home to recover from the shock of seeing a drunken Englishman. In eight months of living in the poorest quarter of Hindu Calcutta, such a sight had been impossible. As one lay in bed however, the chanting of prayers would occasionally break the silence of the midnight, and one knew that somewhere in the distant streets a night beggar, lamp in hand, was going his rounds.

I think if one must pick out some feature of Indian life which more than any other compels this high morality and decorum to grow and spread, it must be the study of the national epics. There are two great poems, the Mahabharata and the Ramayana, which take a place to Hindus something like that of Shakespeare to ourselves. Only this is a Shakespeare that every one knows, and a Shakespeare with the sacredness of the New Testament thrown about it.

A picture comes to me of a night-scene in the Himalayas. At a turn in the road the great trees sweep aside a little to make room for a tiny hamlet at their foot. Here in the open shop of the grain dealer, round a little lamp, sits a group of men, and amongst them is a boy reading earnestly from a book.

It is the Ramayana,—the tale of the wanderings of the heroic lovers, Sita and Ram. The men listen breathlessly, though the story is familiar enough, and every now and then as the boy ends a verse, they chant the refrain "To dear Sita's bridegroom, great Rama, all hail!" Sita is the ideal woman. A divine incarnation to the world of perfect wifehood and perfect stainlessness. She is the woman of renunciation, not of action; the saint, not the heroine. Every Indian woman spends some part of the day in the contemplation of this character. Probably no one passes a whole day without taking her name. Every woman desires to be like her. Every man desires to see in her the picture of his mother or his wife. I do not know if you will see with me the tremendous influence that it must have on the character and development of a nation, to spend a definite time daily in this intense brooding over the ideal.

It is here that I come to my great point, and I must make it clear from misapprehension. I shall not mean that the lot of the Hindu woman in her perpetual struggle with poverty, in her social and industrial inefficiency, is perfect, or perfectly adapted to the modern world. Far from that.

But I remember that some of the greatest men and women that ever lived

have been born in India. I remember that from India emanated the only religion that ever put the missionary-question on a true educational basis; I remember that amongst military leaders two thousand years ago India produced her Napoleon Bonaparte, in Chandra-gupta, the Sudra who unified a continent; that amongst statesmen she bore Asoka and Akbar; that in science we owe mathematics and astronomy and geometry to her; that in philosophy and in literature she has achieved the highest rank.

I remember too that this greatness is not dead in the country. No longer ago than 1750 Rajah Jey Sing concluded that European astronomical tables contained an error which he was able to correct. Subsequent science, it is said, stood by the Indian astronomer. Within the century that is leaving us Ram Chandra has solved, by intuitive methods, problems of maxima and minima hitherto unfinished, and India has given proof that she can yet add to her scientific laurels.

Seeing all this, I read a message of great hope for humanity. What may be the truth about the military careers of nations, I do not know. It may be that in rude activities there are periods of growth and flourishing and decay. But if a people fix their hope upon their own humanisation, it is not so. The curve of civilisation is infinite and spiral. The dominion of the human mind and spirit has yet to be exhausted.

But still—where—why—is this humanising process the essential life of India, more than of other countries? What differenti-

ates the Indian training from others? I find one answer which outweighs all others in my estimate. It is this. The special greatness of Indian life and character depends more than on any other feature, on the place that is given to Woman in the social scheme. What? you will say, what about child-marriage and child-widowhood, and the grievances of woman? I am not going to speak of woman as the wife. There must be unhappy marriages in India as elsewhere, though I have seen none but the happy, and they have seemed to me to represent a tie more tender and intimate than I have often witnessed. But wifehood in India is not woman's central function. That is motherhood. As mother, an Indian woman is supreme. The honor that a man does here by the simple words "my wife", he does better there by saying "the mother of my children." Sons worship their mothers as the ideal. Motherhood is the ideal relation to the world. Let us free ourselves from self-seeking as the mother does. Let us be incapable of jealousy as is a mother to her child. Let us give to the uttermost. Let us love most those who need most. Let us be indiscriminating in our service. Such is the Indian woman's conception of a perfect life. Such is the moral culture with which she surrounds her children. Can you ask what is its effect? I sat one day hour after hour beside a boy of twelve who was dying of plague. The home was of the poorest, a mud hut with a thatched roof. The difficulty lay in keeping the patient isolated from his family. There was one woman who came and went about the bedside perpetually, in an utter

recklessness of her own safety, and at last I ventured to remonstrate, pointing out that my presence was of no use, if I could not save her this exposure. She obeyed me instantly, without a word, but as she went, hid her face in her veil crying softly. It was the lad's mother. Of course I found a place where she could sit with his head on her feet, curled up behind him in comparative security, fanning him, and then, through all the hours of that hot day, till sunset came, I had a picture before me of perfect love. "Mataji! Mataji! *Adored Mother!*" was the name he called her by. Now and then, mistaking me for her, he smiled his perfect contentment into my eyes, and once he snatched at my hand and carried his own to his lips. And this was a child of the Calcutta slums!

But it is not the child only. The word *mother* is the endless shore on which all Indian souls find harbour. In moments of great agony it is not with them, "My God!" but "Oh Mother!"

A woman in the neighbourhood was wailing loudly in the dark, and the sound disturbed one who was lying ill. An attendant on the sick came down into the woman's hut to find her, and, guided by her cries, came up to her quietly and put an arm about her. The wailing ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and she fell back with long sobs; "you are my *mother!*" was all that she could say.

If the word 'God' meant as much to us as "Mother" to this bereaved soul, what might we not reach? And to many in India it is so. The two ideas are one.

Life with all its inexplicable torture and its passing gleams of joy is but the play of the Divine Motherhood of the Universe, with Her children. If we can understand this, all happenings will become alike fortunate. We must cease to discriminate. And so in every temple dedicated to this idea, the visitor enters with the prayer:

Thou,—the Giver of all blessings,
 Thou,—the Giver of all desires,
 Thou,—the Giver of all good,
 To Thee our salutation, Thee we salute,
 Thee we salute, Thee we salute.
 Thou terrible dark Night!
 Thou, the Night of delusion!
 Thou, the Night of Death!
 To *Thee* our salutation,—Thee we
 salute, Thee we salute, Thee we salute.

And this rises up daily from end to end of the country together with that other prayer to the Soul of the Universe which to me seems the most beautiful in any language.

From the Unreal lead us to the Real,
 From Darkness lead us unto Light,
 From Death lead us to Immortality,
 Reach us through and through ourselves,
 And ever more protect us—O Thou
 Terrible!

From ignorance, by Thy sweet compassionate face.

HIM the Brahman conquers, who thinks that he is separate from the Brahman; him the Kshatriya conquers, who thinks that he is different from the Kshatriya; for him the universe has no fears, who knows that with the infinite universe he is one.

WOMAN IN ANCIENT INDIA

(Concluded)

GAUTAMI: Her benevolence is specially praised in the Pali Scriptures. She was the chief of five hundred maids in a merchant's household. Once at the commencement of the rainy season she saw five hundred Buddhist monks rambling in the city. She asked what they wanted. They replied that it was hard and troublesome to live in moist caves in the rains, so they came to see if any one would take the trouble of building a shed for them for the season either within or in the outskirts of the city. Gautami enquired if their wish had met with success. They replied in the negative. She invited them all to have the next morning *viksha* (alms) from her. She then gathered together her five hundred companions and addressed them thus, "Dear Comrades! Do you like to live in servitude for the rest of your lives or do you aspire to gain happiness by becoming free from the chains of thralldom." They of course wished for the latter. She said "Then, each of you ask your husband to build a hut for each of these five hundred religious mendicants." They agreed. The huts were built and the monks were comfortably housed for three months, and good arrangements were made for their board.

(12) **KSHEMA—II**: She was a Vikshuni. Her name is also found in the Pali Scriptures. She lived a life of

pious charity and good works and also studied Buddhistic sacred writings.

(13) **RUKMAVATI**: Her history is found recorded in the *Avadhana Kalpalata*, *Pallab* 51. This noble lady lived in Upalavati city. She always used to help the poor of her neighbourhood by providing them with money, clothing and food. She was unique in her days for kindness and good works. One act of her wonderful kindness and self-sacrifice is too grand to be passed over. Once she saw a miserable famished woman desperate with hunger was trying to tear open her newly-born babe with her finger nails. What a horrible sight! A mother trying to devour her own child! Rukmavati, the personified mercy, was touched to the core of her heart. She must appease the mother's hunger or the child would be killed. If she snatched the child away and fled the mother would die of hunger. If she went to fetch food for her the child would be killed. What was she to do? Without finding any solution she cut off her fleshy breast with a sharp knife and gave it to the hungry woman to eat and thus saved both the lives! This happened in the life-time of Buddha.

(14-18) **UTPALVARNA, SAKULA, BHADRAKAPILANI, KISHA GOTAMI, and MOTHER SIGALAKA**: These Buddhist ladies were

all contemporaries. They studied the *Madhyamika Suttas* to acquire knowledge of Nirvana and also taught it to others.

(19) SHARI: She was a learned and celebrated lady. Her son, Upatishya, a disciple of Buddha, though himself famous for his learning, was known by the name of his mother, as Shariputra or son of Shari.

(20) MALLINATHA: She was highly educated, and was the 19th *Tirthankara* (a holy being like an *avatar* who takes birth in human form for the salvation of mankind) of the total twenty-four believed in by the Jains. She was an *Acharya*.

(21) ANULA: She was a contemporary of Asoka and wife of the king Mahanaga. Practising the Buddhist religion herself in Ceylon she taught others its doctrines. She was also noted as an *Acharya*.

(22) DHARMADINNA: The wife of the banker Visakha of Rajagaha. One day the banker visited Buddha and heard a discourse from his lips on the sublimity of a life of holiness free from lust. The mind of Visakha was changed. He returned home with senses under control. His behaviour being now very different his wife enquired as to the cause of the change. "Having heard the doctrine of holiness from the Enlightened One," replied he, "I have ceased to long for worldly gratifications. You can take and keep all the wealth that I have to yourself. I will henceforth look upon you as my mother." Hearing this the lady asked Visa-

kha, "Lord, this doctrine, is it reserved only for men or may women also follow it?" "Beloved! What is it that you say? Whoever observes the rule, he or she can have it," replied the husband. Thereupon Dharmadinna besought the permission of her husband to become a nun and was received according to *Vikshuni* rules. Not long after, she by her great application to the observance of the rules attained the highest stage of adeptship.

After some time Visakha visited her and had most of his doubts in religious matters solved by her words of wisdom. She answered all the questions of Visakha and taught him the path to attain freedom from desires—the noble Eight-fold Path, viz.,

1. Right comprehension,
2. Right aspiration of Love and Renunciation,
3. Right words of Truth,
4. Right actions of Compassion, Honesty and Charity,
5. Right Livelihood without giving pain to others,
6. Right Endeavour to be free from sinful thoughts and to be full of good thoughts,
7. Right Mindfulness in the analysis of all phenomena,
8. Right Peace of mind or concentration.

Instances could be multiplied from various sources, of Indian women of the past, famous for their learning, benevolence, kindness and stainless character, reaching the highest stage of spirituality by dint of perseverance and hard Tapas. I must close this paper here which has

already run to a great length, hoping that my readers will take the lesson to heart that if they ever wish to gain material and spiritual prosperity they must follow in the foot-steps of their forefathers, educate women, and treat them as their equals in every way. The above instances unmistakably show that the present condition of our women is due not to any lack of ability in them but because they do not receive that sympathy and faith from the other sex which they should. Given fair field and no favour, they come out as bright and brilliant as their brothers. Even now though labouring under a long dis-

advantages, many who have been given the opportunity have made their mark in the world as editors, lecturers, poets, writers, professors, religious teachers, &c. Educate them and place the ideal of Indian womanhood before them, they will grow up to it; and the regeneration of the ancient land of the Rishis will not be far off.

समं पश्यन्ति सर्वे च मम वस्थितमोक्षरम् ।

न हि नस्त्वात्मनाऽऽत्मानं ततो याति परं गतम् ॥

"He who beholds the One equally present in all alike, he does not play the self against the self and thus gains the highest goal."

VIRAJANANDA.

THE KINGDOM OF JANAKA

ONCE upon a time king Janaka passed the sentence of banishment upon a Brahman convict. The Brahman confessed his crime and said that he fully deserved the punishment passed upon him. "But", said he, "I cannot leave your kingdom, O great king, unless I know how far it extends. Please therefore tell me how I should know the boundary of your kingdom." This question, apparently so simple, set the king thinking. After remaining in deep contemplation for some time he softly replied, "Your question, O good Brahman, has opened my eyes. The kingdom over which I rule, belonged to my forefathers who claimed its ownership just as I do now. But where are they now? They have all passed away, but the kingdom remains the same. How can I say, then, that it belongs to me? With my death the kingdom will not vanish, but my sense of

ownership will undoubtedly cease for ever. Regarding my body in this light, I do not see how I can call it my own. Who knows that the molecules which compose it do not consider themselves masters of it? After my death dogs and jackals will feed upon it. I thus distinctly see that the body is not my own. How can I then be the owner of things which I possess and enjoy with this body? It was out of ignorance, O good Brahman, that I ordered your exile. Mithila does not belong to me any more than the sky belongs to a particular individual of the world. Live in Mithila in perfect peace as long as you will."

VIRAJANANDA.

FEAR and courage, hatred and love, despair and hope, and all that fetter the self originate from the sense of possession.

CORRESPONDENCE

SOME QUESTIONS

To the Editor, Prabuddha Bharata,
Sir,

May I request you or any one of your worthy readers kindly to remove a few doubts through the medium of your most valuable and highly esteemed journal:—

What takes place when a man dies? Both the internal as well as the external organs of a body are matter, and, as declared by Sri Swami Vivekanandaji Maharaj in his various lectures, so are the mind, the intellect, egoism &c., though of a finer form. All this must obviously remain here when a man dies. Then what is the change which takes place by death? The answer will naturally follow: The soul—or the conscious ruler of the body flits away, with, of course the resultant effect of all the good and bad deeds, it (the soul) has done during the past. This resultant effect will direct it (the soul) to where it has to go and take a new body. Now this soul is declared as eternal; I admit it, but then it did not have any beginning and consequently it must not have any end, that is to say, the soul has been taking bodies after bodies from infinity and shall do the same till infinity. Where is salvation then?

Again if there is any salvation at all, what is it? If you believe that this soul is the same as the Soul of all souls—the Great God Himself who takes body after body *ad infinitum*, then the question is why it is so and what necessity the Great soul has to assume diverse

forms first, and then try for salvation. And what is salvation to Him? He does not require freedom, He is always free. If on the other hand you say this human soul is part and parcel of the Great Soul, it emanates from Him and goes back to Him after completing a circle or a series of circles, then what gave him the first birth? It simply emanated from God and had no past actions. If you say the Great Soul first gave bodies to so many souls living in this ocean of world at present, then the question is were those bodies all equally placed, that is, were their circumstances the same or different? And why? If different, and if not, then what made this diversity? If you say this difference is only an illusion—in reality there is no difference, then how can a man be made to believe in it? Then again if there is no difference between the human soul and the Great Soul, then what does 'a man has got freedom or salvation' signify? The soul goes back to the Soul, matter, whether fine or not, remains as matter, then what is the entity which feels the pleasure of gaining the freedom? What is there in man which prompts him to do actions and consequently to try to attain freedom? Surely the soul himself. He is the ruler of the body and it is he alone under whose orders all other entities such as mind, organs, &c., work. Then he alone is responsible for bad and good actions. As Swami Vivekananda says in one of his lectures (The Micro-

cosm: Jnana Yoga). "Take the whole responsibility on your own shoulders, know that you are the creator of your own destiny. All the strength and success you want is within yourselves. Therefore make your own future. Let the dead past bury its dead, the whole infinite future is before you, and always remember that each work, each thought, each act, is laid up in store for you with

this hope that as the bad thoughts and bad works are ready to spring upon you like tigers, so the good thoughts, good deeds, are ready with the power of a hundred thousand angels to defend you always and ever." Then what is Advaitism and how can the theory of oneness be accounted for?

A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

REVIEWS

ANTAHPUR. A Bengali monthly, conducted solely by ladies. Editor: *Srimati Hemanta Kumari Chowdhuri*. Calcutta.

A notice of this excellent magazine appeared in our issue of September 1900, when it was edited by the late gifted Vanalata Devi. We are pleased to see it progressing under its new editor. All the papers, as usual, are the productions of ladies, and some of them are not a little flattering to the ability of their fair writers. We wish it all success.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE. An English monthly, edited by *Mrs. Kamala Sathianadhan, M. A.*, Madras.

The paper is "conducted in the interests of the women of India." Judging from the contents of the last ten months (for it is not any older) we have no hesitation in saying that it is one of our best monthlies. The chief contributors are ladies, Eastern and Western. Illustrations, mostly of women, short original poems and stories, interesting news and notes, studies of ideal women and papers on general education form its standard bill of fare. Its pages are replete with

much that is thoughtful and valuable. We hope it will have a long career of usefulness.

WHEN Duryodana had set himself against Shri Krishna, and his father, his preceptor and his elders had all striven in vain to turn him from his purpose, as the last resort, his mother Gandhari was sent for; she came into the great assemblage, and there addressed her son in words of remonstrance, reproof and counsel; showing how in those days, women were really wise and great, that their counsel was highly valued, that their advice was respectfully listened to and followed, because knowledge gave them the power to speak, and learning and wisdom gave them the authority to pronounce their opinion. And educated as they were, they were able to give wise counsel to their husbands and exercised their judgment as to the course which it was best for them to follow even in questions of great importance and the freedom and education which they enjoyed did not make them unfit for doing the humble duties of home.—*The Indian Ladies' Magazine.*

NEWS AND NOTES

IT takes about three seconds for a message to go from one end of the Atlantic cable to the other.

IT is reported from Rome, says a Paris telegram, that Queen Marguerite, the widow of King Humbert, has decided to take the veil.

MR. DIGBY has reasons to believe that Mr. Stead is doing his best to have India included in the list of countries which are to be benefitted by Mr. Cecil Rhodes' will.

WE are much pleased to learn that His Highness the Maharaja of Baroda has agreed to preside over the Industrial Exhibition to be held in December next at Ahmedabad.

THE Japanese Government has intimated that teachers in Shintoism, Buddhism, and Christianity may proceed to Formosa and travel about for evangelistic purposes either free of cost or at reduced rates.

SOME eighty or ninety gold coins, black with age, have been found in Malakand. An expert avers that they are Indo-Scythian and that the British Museum possesses only one specimen like them.

A FIRM of wine merchants in Regent Street, London, have just received from the court of Chancery a cheque for £95 odd for goods supplied to an aristocratic customer in 1816, the year after the Battle of Waterloo.

JAPAN has taken drastic measures to stop opium-smoking amongst its Chinese subjects in Formosa and elsewhere. Opium occupies the first place in the Japanese list of articles, importation of which is wholly prohibited.

WE are glad to learn from Rajputana that certain mill owners of Ahmedabad have interested themselves in the famine orphans. An Ahmedabad mill owner has set a good example by undertaking to train one hundred male and female orphans as mill operatives.

THE Madras University has selected C. Ramlinga Reddy for the Government Scholarship, tenable in England by natives of India. The candidate is a native of the North Arcot District, and graduated from the Madras Christian College. It is understood that he intends joining one of the English Universities with the object of studying for the History Tripos.

WE heartily join in the chorus of congratulations to England and our Sovereign on the conclusion of peace in South Africa. Our reason for rejoicing is that bloodshed has been arrested, that waste of money has been arrested, and that the occupations of peace may be expected to revive. We congratulate the world, or at any rate civilised humanity, on such a result and not merely the power that has aggrandised

itself. We cannot help feeling, as we take a retrospect of the last two years and a half, that England has purchased her privilege for a price that has indeed staggered humanity.—*Indian Nation*.

AN association has been formed in Calcutta, under distinguished auspices, called the Ayurvedic Institute with the object of promoting the study of Charaka, Susruta and similar other works. Its ultimate aim is the establishment of a college for teaching those works, and of a hospital where patients might be treated according to Charaka's method, and planting of a large tract of land with herbs and trees as are required to contribute to the production of the medicines mentioned by Charaka. Such a project requires time and money, however, for its accomplishment; and the immediate end proposed is the organisation of a series of popular lectures on some of the topics dealt with in the medical works just mentioned. The project is unquestionably one of great utility, and little has to be said to recommend it.

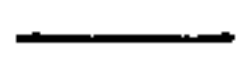
Though for three years after the conclusion of peace America held Cuba and kept her forces there, she was all along anxious, even willing, to grant her independence for which she originally began the struggle. In February last year, a constitution was adopted after a deliberation of three months. Cuba was to have a republican form of Government with a President, Vice-President, a Senate and a House of Representatives. The President and the Vice-President were elected, and 20th May was fixed upon as the date of final evacuation. So on 20th May, while the coronation rejoicings were going on in Madrid, the American Governor hauled down the stars and stripes with his own hand and sailed for America with all the American

officials, and Senor Estrada Palma was installed as the President of Cuba amidst great rejoicings!

THE abundance and variety of building stones available in the quarries of the State, have come as a surprise on the Mysore people; and the Superintending Engineer is of opinion that, probably, before the Palace is completed, a new industry will be established in Mysore, and that private enterprise will step in to trade in polished stones throughout Southern India. About 700 chisellers, the best to be procured in Southern India, are employed, 450 of whom come from Chidambaram, Trichinopoly and Pudukotta, whilst most of the remainder are from Dharwar, Belgaum, and Kholapur Districts. The Executive Engineer, Mr. Naidu, is so enthusiastic over the excellence of the work done by these men as to be confident that, if they were similarly patronised for some time, statues in marble and in other stones might be produced equal to the famous Italian statues.

THE following account of Professor J. C. Bose's recent discourse before the Linnæan Society is taken from *Nature*:—"In illustration of his discourse on Electric Response in ordinary plants under Mechanical Stimulus at the recent meeting of the Linnæan Society, Professor J. C. Bose performed with the aid of his assistant a series of interesting experiments, showing electric response for certain portions of the plant organism. This proved that as concerning fatigue, behaviour at high and low temperatures, the effects produced by poisons and

anæsthetics, the responses are indential with those hitherto held to be characteristic of muscle and nerve and of the sensitive plants. The lecturer drew the final conclusion that the underlying phenomena of life are the same in both animals and plants, and that the electrical responses which he had demonstrated are but the common physiological expression of these".



THIS world is surrounded by an ocean of atmospheric air, fifty miles or more in depth, down at the bottom of which the affairs of men are transacted. This atmospheric ocean is permeated by an atmosphere of thought, thicker in some places, but equally as extensive. Within this universal thought world are all conceivable thoughts. None are old, none are new, all are perennial. Within this domain time counts for naught. When we are done with a thought we let it go, and it flies back to the thought world, thence to be drawn down and re-used time and again by ourselves or other thinkers. When we wish a new thought we can have it, for they are all there and all are free. All we have to do is to call for them aright, and therein lies the trouble, for few of us know how few have been taught to concentrate their thought energy. When we want a particular thought a thousand of its companions crowd in with it, and sometimes crowd it entirely out. When we think of one bee, a whole swarm enters our mind, but if you will insist and keep to it you can soon shut off the common herd of vagrant thoughts clamouring for admission.—*Pacific Vedantist*.

AMERICAN exchanges to hand contain accounts of the magic powers of a Count Albert de Sarak *alias* Count Sarak de Das, Doctor of medicine and General Inspector of the Supreme Esoteric Council of Thibet. Count de Das is said to have been born in Thibet and to be descended from a noble French family. He is described as an "Occultist and adept, a professor of the mystic and the sixth sense."

Thibet continues to be the mythological milch cow of mysticism. Milk it for any mystery you like and you have it 'take'. Many years ago, a valued servant of our Government, Rai Bahadur Sarat C. Das went to Thibet. We are not aware if he came across any of the mystic schools of which it is supposed to be full, or met this Count, whose name is somewhat similar to his.

Mysticism is growing like mushrooms in America. Her virgin soil seems to take anything. It is difficult to say what the result of this wild rampant growth will be. But it behoves the leaders of thought to exercise a healthy check upon it. We do not know whether to be amused or sorry at the attitude taken by one of our New Thought friends towards the wonders wrought by the above mentioned Franco-Thibetan Count. It shows that in spite of the tall talk about spiritual matters, the perception spiritual is far from clear. The love of power and notoriety has only taken a spiritual direction. The spiritual are unassuming, unobtrusive, non-resisting, quiet and Self-sufficient. Spirituality does not blaze nor roar. It is like the fuel of which the combustible elements have burnt out.